

Sonnet Scroll

Not Just Another Bird

By David MacRae Landon

Something was clearly wrong. She could still fly
up to the feeder, but mostly limped around,
struggling, pecking the ground below for seed,
a tiny, molting bulk of grubby brown
with one gold feather. After a day or two,
she disappeared. A predator's quick work?
Or did she nestle somewhere in the weeds,
and just give up? I missed her tough-bird pluck,
competing in the dirt with quicker ones
for what to eat. Today, while raking leaves,
I saw a feathered corpse, and on an impulse
nearly whacked the wee lump into the pile.
But then, catching a subtle hint of gold,
I carefully buried her under a rose.